

The Family

SUNRISE.

By George Carrington Moseley.

Gently from out the eastern sea,
A waiting world to find;
The day-orb comes triumphantly,
Leaving the dark behind.
Yon far off blue peaks bask in bliss,
Soothed by Aurora's tender kiss,
Caressed by the dew-laden wind.

Soft dreamy lights the woodlands fill,
The children of nature wake;
From leafy lane to distant hill,
Their unsung silence break.
I scarcely know how they could wait,
Their sweetest messages to relate,
And morning greet so happy still.

I breathed the splendor of the morn,
And from the beauteous beams;
My heart was no more faint, forlorn,
But filled with golden dreams.
And to my task I addressed my heart,
Resolved, at least, to do my part,
Of that for which the world was born.

MARY ARNOLD'S VACATION.

By Alethea Todd Alderson.

After Mary Arnold had packed her trunk for her vacation trip and had bought her ticket to Crimson Springs, where she expected "to loaf" for a month, she received the following letter from her brother-in-law:

"Dear Mary,—

"Julia is ill with typhoid fever and I am very alarmed about her. I have procured a trained nurse, but it is impossible to find a cook, and the children need attention sadly. Can you come to us? I shall meet you at the station tomorrow morning at nine-thirty. Knowing you have never failed us in an emergency. I shall certainly expect you.

"Your distracted brother,

"Frank."

Frank and Julia lived only twenty miles beyond Crimson Springs, but a vacation in their home under present conditions would differ widely from her expected visit to the summer hotel. Pity and sympathy for her sister mingled with a terrible heartache for her own disappointment. She had been teaching all winter, had economized so closely in order to have "this one happy summer," had spent her hard earned money on a few pretty clothes to wear at the springs, and had looked forward so eagerly to the sunny care-free weeks! It was now the middle of July and ere she could leave her sister she knew it would be too late to go anywhere.

There was no thought in her heart of refusing to answer this call. There was no one else to go to Julia in her illness, and no alternative for Mary to consider.

In her sister's family there were four children; the eldest ten, the youngest two years of age. Mary loved them all. She laid away silently and regretfully, the dainty white clothes, the soft blue silk, that represented almost a month's

salary, and the pretty hat, which she now needed not at all. She packed a few serviceable dark things into a suit case, donned her last year's serge suit, and departed for the home of the sufferer.

While on the train Mary scolded herself severely for her selfishness in pitying herself instead of the loved one who lay so ill. For many years Julia and Julia's family had been a heavy drain on the single sister. Regularly Mary sent gifts to them, dresses and little suits to the children, and sometimes money to Julia. Frank worked hard, but there were many calls on his small salary and the wants of the growing family were never filled. Mary's longed-for outing had meant so much to her, however. She had been teaching for four years, and during that time had had no real vacation. The weeks between June and September had been filled with work at the University in an adjoining city, work that would better qualify her to be a successful teacher. So the years had been full of study and teaching, books and writing, a never-ending giving of herself. This summer she had determined to be "young again for once," to be lazy and careless for a few weeks, to dress and to have the amusements that were rightfully the property of every good-looking wholesome girl of twenty-five. That was the dream, and Julia's disordered household the reality.

The glad relief and warm welcome on Frank's anxious face rewarded her somewhat for her sacrifice, and the joyous greetings of his brood drove her disappointment out of her mind, at least for a time. Julia was too ill for Mary even to enter her room, but the trained nurse told her that the young sister had come and she would see her in a few days, if her improvement continued. Mary's first glance at the remains of Frank's five days' housekeeping showed her there was plenty for her to do. The nurse had been caring for the patient very attentively, but outside of the sick room everything was chaotic. There were beds unmade, floors unswept, and dishes unwashed. There were soiled clothes everywhere, dust lay on tables and chairs, and the children wailed that there had been no breakfast except coffee and cold bread.

It was almost ten o'clock when Mary arrived, so she decided to postpone cleaning until the afternoon and to prepare "the kiddies" a dinner "what was a dinner" as Frank, Jr., expressed it. She dispatched the two boys to the garden to gather the vegetables, detailed young Mary Katherine, aged six, to entertain baby Gertrude and to keep her out of mischief, and sent Frank, senior, to the butcher's for a roast of beef. When dinner was well under way and the kitchen cleaned, Mary set the table and put the dining room in order. Dinner when served consisted of roast beef and potatoes, string beans and fresh corn, tomatoes, biscuit, coffee and pie. Frank's tired, anxious face had haunted her while she worked, and when at dinner he gave her a look of gratitude and appreciation, the last pang of self-

pity left her heart, and she was glad, glad she was here and doing "what she could."

After a few days, Dr. Mason assured Mary that Julia would certainly recover, but said that it would be many weeks before she would be strong enough to undertake housekeeping cares again.

"I know it has been hard for you, Miss Arnold, to take upon yourself all this care, when you have been so unaccustomed to it, but I feel sure that your presence has certainly aided Mrs. Wilson's recovery, if not actually saved her life."

"I am glad indeed that I have been here," she replied, "to keep house has been a new experience to me. I have lived in a boarding house so many years. It is a not unpleasant change," and with a bright smile she left him, saying not a word about the month at Crimson Springs.

Through the days that followed, for the invalid days of suffering followed by weeks of slow convalescence, Mary's hands were too full for her heart to have any regrets. After the nurse left and Julia could see her family again, it was a long time ere sufficient strength came to her to enable her to dispense with Mary's assistance. It was the middle of September before Mary had the courage to ask Dr. Mason about her leaving.

"Dr. Mason," she said, "my school begins early in October and I feel I should have a little rest before I take up my duties again. Is Julia strong enough for me to leave her, now?"

"Miss Arnold," he answered, "you have given up all your vacation, haven't you?"

"Yes, but that doesn't matter. I had to come. But will it be safe for me to leave now?"

"You may go tomorrow, if you wish. Mrs. Wilson has improved greatly during the last week. But let me advise you as a physician, not to enter the school room until you have fully recuperated from all this strain. Why not go to Crimson Springs for two weeks, anyway?"

Crimson Springs! How she had wanted to go earlier in the season, but now her enthusiasm was gone. She had not intended to say anything to him about her frustrated plans, but at his reference, the whole story came out. Even the blue silk dress was mentioned, and how she had planned and dreamed how bitterly she had laid away the pretty things she would not need, and how tired she was!

"I am more than convinced that Crimson Springs will be of benefit to you. You are my patient, whether you think so or not. Go home tomorrow, get your things together, and flit to the Springs Tuesday."

"Dr. Mason, is this a demand or a request?"

"Both. Stay there at least two weeks. And—this is a request—may I come over to see you there?"

"Yes, if you want to."